



H. B. O'Gara

# THE STUDENT'S PEN

OCTOBER, 1934



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PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

# THE STUDENT'S PEN

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MR. EDWARD J. RUSSELL  
Superintendent of Schools

# EDITORIALS



## OUR NEW SUPERINTENDENT

IN the course of events, time brings many changes. Probably the most noteworthy to open this school year was the decision of the School Committee to appoint our own Mr. Edward J. Russell, former head of the science department, as Superintendent of the schools of Pittsfield. As friend, instructor, and advisor, Mr. Russell served the students of P. H. S. well. As head of the science department at the high school, he set a standard that all who have been associated with him have striven to follow. As advisor to many classes at the high school, he gave invaluable counsel, not only in the problems of school but in the difficulties to be faced in after life.

In his new capacity he is ready and willing to assist in every way possible every student of the Pittsfield schools. He has many qualities to aid him in accomplishing this,—a commendable poise, a vibrant personality, and, best of all, a clear, unprejudiced view of the future.

We dedicate this first issue of THE STUDENT'S PEN to Mr. Russell and give him our very best wishes for his future success.

*The Editor*

## THE ROTOGRAVURE SUPPLEMENT

THIS month you will find, in addition to the regular magazine copy of THE PEN, a new rotogravure supplement called "The Pic". It comes to you at no extra cost and serves merely as a medium through which national advertisers can reach high school students.

"The Pic" is published by the High School Advertising Service, but contributions to it may be entered by the students of the high schools. Here is an opportunity for you camera enthusiasts to submit beautiful and unusual views of the Berkshires this fall and winter, or views that you feel will be of interest to the many schools who circulate "The Pic" with their school magazines.

We hope that you will enjoy this added feature. If successful, it will continue to be a part of subsequent issues of THE STUDENT'S PEN.

*Mary O'Boyle*



### "I SERVE"

AFTER the battle of Crécy, so the story goes, there was found on the field of conflict the crest of King John of Bohemia, bearing the words "I serve". Inspired by the unselfish devotion of this blind old king who had died fighting bravely, Edward the Black Prince, forthwith adopted the device as his own. From that day to this the phrase "I serve" has been a motto of the heir to the throne of Great Britain.

He who would get the most out of school must cherish this same ideal, for in school, as in life, the highest satisfaction is to be found in giving, not getting. The boy or girl who thinks first of the interests of the school, who is jealous of its good name, who is eager to aid any enterprise which will be for its benefit, who is willing to sacrifice time and personal advantage for its welfare, is the one who will find school a delight and its memory a lasting satisfaction.

Such a pupil has the finest sort of school spirit, for school spirit consists not so much in cheering the team on to victory or even in supporting it in times of defeat—important as such support is—as in being loyal to its ideals and purposes. School spirit, in fact, is not noise; it is an attitude of mind and heart. It manifests itself in pride in the appearance of the school and its surroundings and in thoughtful care of its property. Pupils who have true school spirit are considerate of schoolmates and teachers and are enthusiastic and loyal supporters of all school activities.

This year the need for school spirit is greater than ever before. Only by serving our school faithfully and well can we manifest school spirit.

Agnes Kapses

### AN ANGLE ON EUCLID

Pythagoras and Thales both  
Were pretty good at math,  
But theirs were merely pikers' trails  
Compared to Euclid's path.

It seems he floored his living room  
With sand, to there indite  
His problems and his theorems  
From the morn until the night.

And here he wrote his dreary books  
That weary us so much  
With tangents and diameters,  
And circles, cubes, and such.

Yes, though Pythagoras and Thales  
Were pretty good at math,  
We speak of them with little rage  
Since Euclid braved our wrath.

Charles Kline, Jr.



### STITCH IN TIME

MARTHA was crying. Not that Martha's crying was anything unusual; she always had been a rather sensitive sort of person, but John couldn't see why she had to go and cry because he'd sold Stitch. She'd said herself that he'd have to go sooner or later. "Might as well be now," he said. Not that he wanted to get rid of Stitch either, but if he and Martha were to separate they'd be bound to fight over the ownership of the scotty—he'd become so much like one of the family and they both loved him so—and he figured they'd had enough scrapping. After all, that was why they were separating.

"Come along now Martha, my de . . .," he hesitated on the last word. "Stitch is gone now; there's no use crying over spilled milk, as the saying goes. 'Course I know you'll miss him; so will I, but if we are going to part we couldn't very well divide him. Besides, he has a fine home now—little Freddy Allan has had his eye on Stitch for a long time and he's crazy about him, he says he's going to make a regular pal out of him. So you see, there's nothing to worry about." With that he stalked out of the room. He had meant to scold her about her crying, but somehow he couldn't do it. Perhaps it was because she was crying about Stitch; at least that was what he told himself.

Left alone, Martha stopped crying. She rose from the chair in which she was sitting and went out into the kitchen. She was going to miss that pretty little kitchen with its green and black color scheme and its spotted-with-plaster ceiling. She remembered the time when, together, they had planned that color scheme, and the time when John had put the patches on the ceiling. That was the time when he had fallen and broken his arm. He had vowed that he had crippled himself for life, had raved like some rabid berserker. She recalled who she, as an understanding wife, had babied and nursed him. John had undoubtedly forgotten that. Oh well . . . she bid a fond farewell to the kitchen, so long a virtual miniature paradise to her, as the kitchen is, after all, to nearly every home-loving woman.

In the dining room, she sat at the large oak table. In her mind's eye she could see her husband seated at the farther side and opposite her. She could visualize his eating complacently and heartily, as is a man's wont; and she thrilled anew as he threw her loving glances—now only dim memories of the fading past. But my!—she was becoming too sentimental. After all, if John wanted a separation, he could have it. She guessed that if he could stand it, she could. Besides, it was only in its embryonic state; there was a great deal



to go through yet. She did think, though, that they could make a go of it if they really tried—if only John weren't so stubborn;—but she'd show him that she could be stubborn too. She must never let him see that she felt the strain.

John was in the den having a last pipe and, though he would have denied it, reminiscing. He did nearly admit to his inner self that it might be rather lonesome, or perhaps strange, without Martha about, to sweep up his fallen tobacco ashes and to lecture upon the eternal subject of "the husband being able to afford smokes while his spouse was forced to go without a new dress".

Then, again, it was rather nice to have someone to fix your slippers and to cook your meals . . . and Martha was a dandy cook. But shucks!—he was becoming too sentimental. He guessed that if he could get along before they were married, that he could get along now. At that, it might feel rather nice to go and come as he pleased again. Let's see now, he'd sleep at the club and take his meals at Joe's Hamburger Palace. 'Course there wouldn't be a great deal to do evenings. Most of the gang were married and the bunch that hung around the club were more or less a coterie of lifeless, bovine individuals that liked nothing better than to loll about and reflect upon the past, complain about the present, and prophesy the impending downfall of the human race in the near future. He could play golf, though; he looked at the golf trophies he had won, lined on the mantelpiece. He wondered if they would ever receive a dusting after today—probably not: Martha seemed to take even more pride in them than he did himself. He thought that . . .

"John!"

Martha's voice. What in blazes could she want? Well, whatever it was, he must remember to keep his dignity. Remain aloof, indifferent—a man must maintain his superiority. . . .

"John, did you hear?"

"Yes, I'm coming."

He wondered if he had put enough disgust in that.

Martha was in the living room, on her hands and knees, looking at the floorboard.

"John, do you suppose that you could get those wires out of the wall plug? I'm afraid of a short circuit."

She prided herself on the "suppose". It conveyed so much of a feeling of sarcasm and a doubt as to his ability.

"I suppose so," he answered. He prided himself on the "suppose so". It conveyed so much of a feeling of confidence and yet, a feeling of apparent uninterest in the job.

A matter of a few minutes and the wires were released.

Martha thought: He would never have thought of anything like that. Just like a man—self-centered, living just in his own little world; but you see he needed me to tell him about that plug.

John thought: She never could have done that. Just like a woman—can't do anything for herself, yet she's so independent. But you see she needed me to fix that plug.

Back in the den, John commenced to pack his desk belongings. The books, pictures, etc., were already packed, only his clothes remained. But Martha was in the bedroom packing her clothes and he couldn't go in while she was there. The clothes could wait. Odd, how so many letters and such could accumulate. The desk was a veritable catch-all, and the waste-paper basket was nearly empty. What's this?—a bunch of letters. Hmph, from

Martha. Well, they'd help fill the basket. But then, perhaps for old times' sake, he should keep them. Would it spoil his manly pride? Wonder what's in them, anyway? This one from Atlantic City. That was when Martha had gone to the seashore with her aunt. "Did her love her?" one of them asked. He couldn't recall. He probably did—he was "that way" in those days. Did he love her? He probably did, or should he say "had"? Hmm—he hadn't thought of that. Love. "Do I love Martha?" he found the outer John asking his inner brother. He sighed, cleared his throat, and replaced the elastic around the package and put it in a suitcase.

In the bedroom, Martha sighed, sniffed and very carefully replaced the tiny, delicate, blue ribbon around a bunch of letters and very carefully placed them in her suitcase.

The monotonous bonging of the clock was interrupted by the sharp buzzing of the doorbell. Subconsciously, and mostly from habit, Martha walked to answer it. Also subconsciously and motivated, possibly, by some spiritual harbinger of fate, John walked to answer it. They met in the hallway, a look . . . Martha hurried to the door. "Well, Freddy Allan, and—why it's Stitch! Oh, my little Stitch; did you come to see your old mistress?"

"Not Stitch?" ventured John incredulously. Then in a half-realized comprehension: "Why have you come here, Freddy?"

"P . . . Please s . . . sir," little Freddy stammered, "Stitch won't stay with me. He keeps whining all the time and scratching at the door, and twice he's run away and I've followed him here. So this time my dad says I should bring him back. Gosh, but I sure hate to see him go!"

Martha, scarcely hearing a word, turned to her husband. "John," said she, "can't you do something for the boy?"

John, very bewildered and very dazed, answered: "Sure; here, son," and gave the boy a generous, eye-popping bill which was received with an elated:

"Geewhizikers!" and the boy was off, mumbling an incoherent "Thanks-a-lot . . ."

There was Stitch, sitting in the middle of the floor, his little head cocked on one side and his ears perked at an attentive, quizzical angle and jutting from his head like two exclamation points.

Martha looked at Stitch. She remembered him as the little puppy he was when she and John had first bought him. Stitch, the little Scotty tike that had averted many a scene between John and her; Stitch who had stopped many an argument by the wagging of that droopy tail and the perking of those pert ears. She reached down and patted him. Stitch whined. Another hand reached down and patted him, causing a second whine. Martha felt a body quite close to her own and then, as if in paradise, an arm around her waist. She leaned against the body, softly, and the arm tightened.

Martha sobbed. John sighed. And Stitch perked his ears.

The End

Richard S. Burdick '35

#### HASTE

She threw her coat about her  
To take a haughty leave,  
But her hand went through the lining  
Instead of through the sleeve.



## TOUCHDOWN

**S**LOWLY Kim pulled on cleated shoes and laced them, reflecting the while that he had done this many times, but would never do it again. For this was his last game. Then he gazed morosely at the cleats, and noticed how slightly worn they were after his three years' use.

"Won't take much for some soph to fill those," he muttered, gloomily.

He struggled with his shoulder pads, but not impatiently, for he would never don them again. Reverently, almost, he coaxed them into place and reached for the maroon jersey with its white numerals. Then he thought of the immortal "64" of Breadon before him, of Crawford's "24", of Robert's "71", of Grange's "77", and scowled at his own "34" of insignificant past and unpromising future. With the same measured deliberation he hauled the sweater over his broad, tapering back and walked from the locker room with the heavy, lagging tread of a man caught in the throes of abject melancholy.

The members of the team had sprawled on mats in a corner of the gym. He stretched himself out, but noticeably apart from the rest, for of late there had arisen within him a antipathy for these teammates, a hatred dormant for the most part but occasionally flaring with the red fury of a forest fire. He found himself without a concrete reason for such an aversion and it irritated him. Perhaps, being a senior, he despised their youth; possibly he envied them their remaining years of college life; possibly he hated them for not turning him loose—to score touchdowns—to run wild. For always this ambition had surged within him—like a vortex in his plebe days, but now sporadically. When he had first entered college and had talked with awe of the past gridiron luminaries, he had sworn secretly that some day, before he graduated, his name too would be in the register of this Valhalla of the great. Yet now he groaned, for this was his last game, and retrospection revealed a drab past in which he had failed to score a touchdown.

An attendant announced starting time and reluctantly he abandoned the rough comfort of the canvas mats, gathering up his felt padded helmet. As he jogged from the tunnel into the bowl, the brittle autumn air slapped him in the face like a wet rag, invigorating after the close, sweaty smell of the gym, anodyne to his fraught feelings. He limbered up by driving knees high in the air, like pistons, and flexing arms to loosen taut muscles. He glanced into the stands with their concentric circles of humanity, and again hate smothered him—hate for the capricious mass and its incessant jargon. He felt all at once like a gladiator, striving for the upturned thumbs of the fickle mob, and a voice within him screamed importunately,

"Why are you here? What is it profiting you? Where do you cash in? Are you civilized?"

But then the lacerating shriek of a whistle assailed his thoughts, and the voice was drowned in a billow of cheers that beat dully against his eardrums as he took his position on the field. He was nervous, and his limbs quivered involuntarily. Strange after his three years, he thought, but it had always been that way. The tension would wear off after the first bodily contact. He hoped the kickoff would not come his way.

At half time his legs felt like lead and his body throbbed with one dull ache. He welcomed the privacy of the gym, escape from the raucous babel of the hated crowd. There was no score. The play of the team had been sluggish, like the movements of an automaton, and Coach "Biff" Marr began to criticize with biting acerbity. The coach was not a sentimental man and Kim was glad—glad to be spared the "schoolboy stuff" as he called it.

"Lane, you're going in too wide and missing those off-tackle slants. Baily, your blocking is terrible. Where's your drive? You're slow getting down under punts, Levine. And you, Harris, this is your last game. Let's see you make it your best. Line, charge lower. Backfield, more pep. Let's go."

Waiting for the kick-off, Kim glanced toward the distant, purple hills, and an awful loneliness engulfed him. Then the thud of toe meeting leather sent him mechanically down the field, watching the receiver with feline caution. A tackle threw the runner, hard. Now the line was charging low and vigorously, and the State quarter was forced to punt to Kim, who gathered in the ball on his own thirty-five-yard line and smashed through to the forty-five. And there welled within him a strong desire to break into the open. He felt confined, and longed passionately to shake off those who clung like barnacles, pulling him to earth.

It was late in the fourth quarter when the team began to act with some degree of precision and cooperation, but Kim feared it was too late. Deceptive spinners, reverses, and flat passes moved the ball to the forty-five-yard stripe, and Kim called time. Then, after the brief rest, he called formation with himself back, and rasped staccato signals.

"29—36—44—hep." His voice was good for a quarterback, husky and authoritative.

He tensed as the ball spiralled back to him and he hugged it to his breast, sweeping toward the end. Dimly he saw the opposing lines clash in bone-crushing contact and the interference forming like a cloud before him. He thrilled when the end was eventually skirted and the secondary defense loomed ahead.

Then the halfback hit him!

He reeled and spun around, and almost fell but somehow pushed desperately onward. His head whirled, bells tingled in his ears, and his eyes misted. And he knew that now he was away and would score his first touchdown. They could not stop him.

From out of the mist a figure materialized, and Kim straight-armed, snaked his hips. Hands clawed frantically at his legs but slipped harmlessly away. He shook his head to clear his befuddled brain, but the mist remained—and wheels whirled—and bells tingled. Then the voice he had heard before spoke again, this time soothingly, and whispered to the rhythm of his pounding cleats,

"They'll remember you. They'll remember you."

And he thought of the greats before him, of the immortals—Thorpe, Grange, Nevers, Gipp, Hinkle; of his resolution as a freshman, and he gripped the ball more firmly, plunging blindly onward.

Another figure appeared and dove. He shifted leaden feet and side-stepped. The white markers seemed ages, miles apart. His breathing was labored and his brain now throbbed mercilessly, while the voice persisted,

"They'll remember you."

The pounding of feet beat against his ears. He thought they were his own, but a distinct panting reached his ears and suddenly arms gripped him, hauling him to the hard-packed turf. He feared for an instant, but as he felt the parallel lines of the end zone rose to meet him, and he knew with an intense joy that he had scored. Then he struck the ground and succumbed to the blackness that shrouded his mind.

Someone sloshed icy water in his face, reviving him. He heard the pandemonium of the spectators and was overjoyed at the tribute. Players babbled incoherently in his ear. It had been a great run—almost fifty yards, requiring all the wily skill of a loose-hipped, shifty runner. It would be history.

Then they told him. He had run the wrong way.

Thomas Enright '35



## PLEASE PASS THE PIE

(But Not In a Lunchcart)



IN the year 1256 A.D. Patrick of Pickering, a chef in the palace of Guidlemont, King of Ireland, was ordered to prepare an entirely new and novel dish for the King's plate. With that grit common to all the men of Pickering, Patrick experimented and meditated until at last he hit on an idea. As a result of this impact, there appeared on the royal table several nights later, a strange dish,—a crusty pastry containing within it chopped boar's meat. This particular evening Guidlemont had just come in from a fierce battle. Being very hungry, he did not even take off his boiler-plate, but sat down to his tomato juice in his armor.

At once the King was pleased by the fragrant odor of the strange dish. His chef, summoned from the dishpan, told him that it was a special creation of his own, a *pighe*. The good Guidlemont declared that he would make Patrick Lord of Pickering if the *pighe* was as good as it smelled. Stealthily stealing a morsel from the plate, he assured himself that indeed it was. This, he thought silently, as he drew back his wrist-plates, was going to be a meal of meals.

But neither Patrick of Pickering nor Guidlemont of Ireland had counted on one thing—the King's false teeth. Oh! woe is pie! Suddenly the King's upper plate slipped; his teeth became enmeshed in the soft yet firm crust. And in less time than it takes to chew it, a mouthful of pie crust had choked to death the good king Guidlemont of Ireland, grandfather of the pie industry.

Immediately Patrick of Pickering was thrown into a dungeon and ordered beheaded within a week. Furthermore the Queen issued a drastic order to all her subjects, "An ye hae gatte ye *pighe*, ye shold racke to deathe in ye ovenne." But in spite of this threat to turn any good man and true who was caught with the stuff into a pot roast *a la Tarzan*, Patrick was convinced that mankind wanted pie—and plenty of it. So, as he sat

..... in solemn silence in a dull, dark dock,

In a pestilential prison with a life-long lock,

Awaiting the sensation of a short sharp shock

From a cheap and chippy chopper on a big black block,

he wrote out the first known manuscript for the assembly of pie. And before the "cheap and chippy chopper" brought down the axe on his cervical vertebrae, he passed this recipe to a friend.

Then followed the era of the bootlegging of pie. Forbidden by royal order to bake or sell their product, the piemakers grew fat on their illegal profits. Through graft and corruption they obtained protection from the nobility and police. The demand for pie grew and grew. In spite of the Queen's educational program which declared pie bad for the stomach, it continued to be popular. Patrick of Pickering was right; mankind wanted pie.

For five hundred years the pierating (as it was called) of pie went on unceasingly. Then some great sovereign with a taste for the crusty once more made pie legal. Once more men could enjoy the pleasures of a free stomach. Once more were thousands of criminals among the unemployed. The pierateers were ruined men. Some became stock traders; others bankers; while the rest were scattered among other criminal careers. These last became the pirates (note the shortening of title) of a later day.

Nearly all of the descendants of these early pierateers, however, eventually returned to their original calling: they sold pie in lunchcarts. Pirates in deed, if not in name, they often clung to their seagoing garb. Perhaps they felt slightly at sea about the whole matter of pies. At any rate, the makings of a great and noble art were spoiled by the lunchcart pirates. They were men of such crust that in an age of baking powder and wheat flour they still continued to concoct, brew, and manufacture pie crust that left no doubt in the human mind why King Guidlemont's false teeth were unable to cope with the primary pie. If it would not actually bounce, it at least left a fair sized dent on a steel table. Mankind still wanted pie, but not such concrete-crust ed nightmares.

But there was yet hope. The housewife discovered the missing link between crust and calcite. The world let its maid go because of papa's pay cut; once again it could eat in the kitchen. And once again mankind proved that it had always wanted to say, "Please pass the pie—uh, blueberry, thank you."

Charles Kline, Jr. '35





## REFLECTIONS IN MY BROOK

IT had been a hectic day. One annoyance piled upon another until my nerves had just about reached the snapping point. But Jane's tantrum because she could not have a new dress had been the last straw and so, with a half-smothered gasp of disgust, I stormed from the house, headed I cared not where. I took the first path off the main street that met my eye. Dashing on recklessly, I was snapped at and torn by twigs and briars until—breathlessly, I halted, overcome to the heart of me with delight and profound amazement. Where was I? I had not the faintest notion—nor did I care.

The very wonder of this tiny glade shook me. Hundreds of shades of green were woven into a perfect background for the tinkling silver brooklet gliding subtly over the pebbles in its sandy depths. The pungent odor of pines and moss mingled with the damp, clinging smell of warm earth was as the perfume of Araby to one accustomed to the odors of a busy town. Faint hushed noises of whispering trees and lightly twittering birds were the only sounds in my hideaway—for it was my hideaway by right of discovery.

The very thought that any place as beautiful as this secret little nook could be mine was at once arresting and soothing to a spirit harassed by everyday troubles. Sinking upon a green moss-covered couch, I watched the dancing mirror at my feet. An acorn from a towering oak sent my reflection shivering and laughing down the stream.

When had the world been so quiet before? All nature had ceased except the half-slumbering brook, the lazy, dreamy, sleepy brooklet wandering happily on its devious course, choosing a quiet shady nook here and a noisy, gurgling path there, rushing headlong down rocks only to become a calm little pool for my reflection. Overhead trees stretched and craned their tawny heads to see, vain creatures, their luxuriant verdure in my brook.

Suddenly the gayety and peace went out of my day. What was the matter? Looking upward, I saw that the sun was hiding behind curtains of grey clouds. The whole mood of my brook had changed. Gone was its smiling surface. Instead, anger clouded its depths. Its charming tinkle had gone, replaced by a noisier rushing. As I looked about me, the trees, hostile as Indian warriors of the forest long ago, moaned and swayed in the rising breeze. Large raindrops, spattering like tears of an irate god, fell in noisy staccato at my feet.

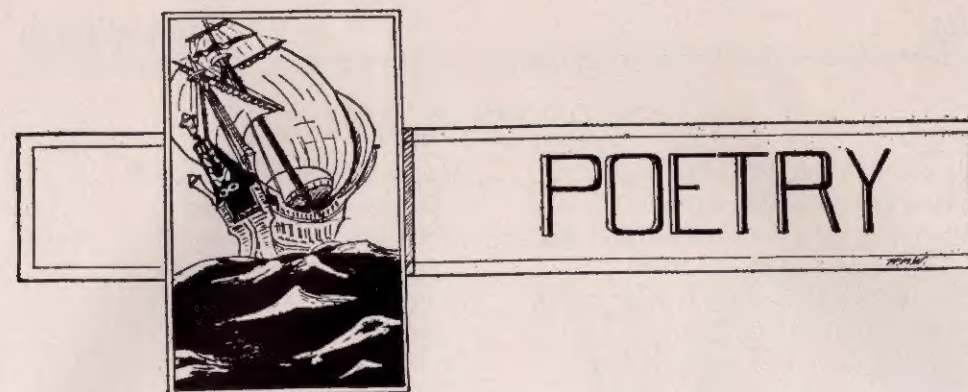
False little haven! Why could you not have remained smiling and peaceful? Why had you to turn into a disturbed, turbulent world where consciousness of sights and sounds most naturally follow?

My little glade, disappointing and a bit disconcerting to be sure, was almost human in its varying moods, changing as its surroundings, a mere reflector of environment. It was as shallow as its brooklet, as changing as the forms in her mirror. Yet I know that I shall come back to dream some sunny day,—to dream when I am sure that my moody glade will not drive me from its peaceful seclusion.

Betty Llewellyn '35

"Willie," said the Sunday School teacher, severely, "you shouldn't talk like that to your playmate. Had you ever thought of heaping coals of fire on his head?"

"No, ma'am, I hadn't, but it's a peach of an idea!"



## ALL HALLOW'S EVE

(With apologies to Longfellow's "Excelsior")

"The shades of night were falling fast,  
When on a broom a witch sped past—  
A big black cat perched by her side,—  
And as they passed, I'd swear he cried,  
"All Hallow's Eve."

As the darkness deeper grew  
A horde of bats around me flew.  
A shiver crept along my spine,  
Was it the wind that I heard whine,  
"All Hallow's Eve"?

A pumpkin with its empty head  
A weird green light around it shed,  
With ghostly breath it seemed to say  
As I passed by upon my way,  
"All Hallow's Eve."

Some chanting witch has cast a charm  
It fills my heart with vague alarm  
An eerie magic fills the air  
A mystic spell is everywhere.  
"All Hallow's Eve."  
Roberta Bufo '35



## THE CAVERN OF FEAR

Black was the night to mortal sight  
And eeries the cliffs around  
When from those bleak and barren depths  
There came that ghastly sound  
That weirdly thrilled us, weirdly chilled  
Our hearts with icy fear,  
Yet led us down that wan wild way  
Toward that we loathed to hear.

Far down the trail a misty veil  
Of falling spray down sped  
To shroud a spectral cavern mouth  
In the ghostly garb of the dead;  
And when at last we stood aghast  
Within that gaping cave,  
We loudly heard that awful sound  
The unknown horror gave.

The water fell in a dripping well  
Of clammy granite blocks  
As on we crept through creeping clefts,  
Faults, and fissured rocks,  
Along the bed of streams now dead,  
And so to an ancient gate  
On which in weird, archaic rimes  
Was cut the passer's fate:

"Who shall have strid past guardian grid  
Shall rack to very death;  
And he who wits the dearn beyond  
No word again shall queth."  
Two would not bide but thrust aside  
The verse, to find a bier;  
And two fled back the ghostly way,  
Back from the cavern of fear.

Charles Kline, Jr.

## HARVEST MOON

October Moon,—  
Low in the east, a mellow orb of splendor,  
Symbol of bright September's harvest grain;  
Telling the tale of Summer's last surrender,—  
Warning of Autumn's cold and mist and rain.

Rising to spread a path of golden glory  
Over a waiting world that thrills anew—  
Feeling the touch of Autumn, cold and hoary  
Changing to Winter's snow from Summer's blue.

High in the heavens gleaming,—cold and slender,  
Warning of Winter's snow and early gloom;  
Telling no more of Summer's vanished splendor,—  
Symbol of every season . . . . .

Harvest Moon.

Mary O'Boyle '35

## VASH YOUNG

### With a Fortune To Share

An interview by Richard Burdick and Charles Kline, Jr.

"I got tired of being a fool!" So said Vash Young, noted lecturer and author of the best-seller *A Fortune to Share*. "Six years ago I realized that I had been paying too much attention to the unimportant and that I had been missing out on the essentials of life. I felt this so strongly that I submitted an article under the title *I Got Tired of Being a Fool* to the *American Magazine*. This was later published and enthusiastically received.

"Then came the depression. Everyone's spirits—and finances—were low. At this time I was asked to speak before a group of insurance men in New Haven. And since I felt that we were wealthier than ever in the real things of life, I decided to speak along this line. I called my talk *A Fortune to Share*. Immediately people began to ask me for copies of my speech. And after I had repeated it in Louisville, Kentucky, the demand became so great that I had five hundred copies multigraphed. A publishing firm saw one of these pamphlets and asked me to put my speech into book form. The result was the book *A Fortune to Share*. Altogether over a million copies of this book have been printed."

This was Vash Young's start. But how many others want to know how they can make a start in writing? In regard to high school students, Mr. Young said, "Don't wait until you are out of school to begin to write. Write now about school problems, about your friends and acquaintances. If you have only a vague idea of writing, assume that the editor of some magazine, say the *Saturday Evening Post*, has asked you to write an article. Then go ahead and write it. If it is good it will be published. But don't write for money; write for the service you can give. Dollars will come later."

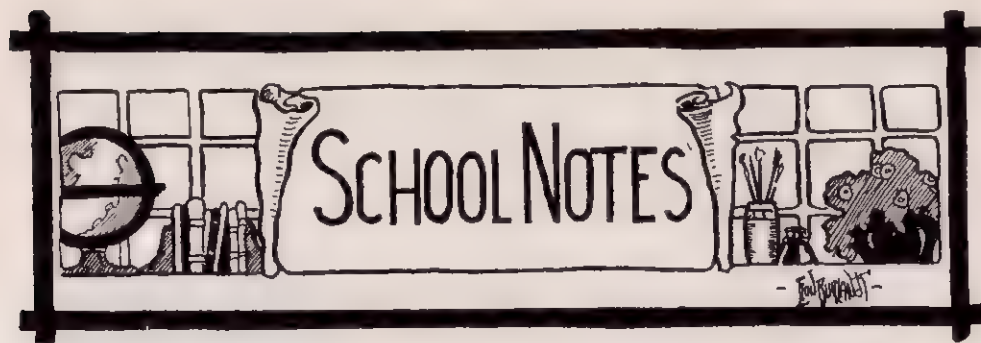
Mr. Young was asked how one should write. "Some years ago," he told the reporters, "I talked this same question over with an editor. I have never forgotten what he told me then: 'Don't write until you are screaming to say something; then say it in the simplest and most entertaining way possible. And write it as if it were going to be read by the worst, the most critical, the most hardboiled person you know of.' If you have done these two things you have written something."

Vash Young's advice is to decide on your career in high school. "Don't wait until you are out of school to look for a job. When you graduate from high school, go to the concern you wish to work with; call on the president and tell him that you are going to work for him after college. Give him four years' notice; it will make a good impression and will label you as a desirable young man to have. And when you are working for him take this as your motto: 'Be an asset, not a liability.'"



VASH YOUNG





RICHARD BURDICK, Editor

MARIE SHALLET

NORFORD NEWTON

## FORENSIC GOSSIP

Mr. Lynch, moderator of the debating club, has announced the topic for the county debates to be held in February. The chosen subject is: "Resolved: that the Federal government should adopt the policy of equalizing education throughout the nation, by annual grants to the several states for public, elementary and secondary education."

The club is now meeting regularly in room 311, and work has already begun in preparation for the county debates. Officers are: William McEachron, president; Martin Keegan, vice president; and Richard Burdick, secretary-treasurer.

There are rumors that a mock trial is to be staged in the auditorium very soon, by members of the club. 'Tis said that all suggestions as to a possible crime are most welcome.

It is the aim of the club to have its own constitution which would contain such provisions as, the power and duties of officers, methods of club procedure, etc. A committee is to be appointed for the purpose of constructing such a constitution.

## ARE YOU GUILTY?

It is estimated that among the boys of this school (we gave the girls a break) nearly *two hundred and fifty dollars*—possibly more—exchanged hands as the result of bets lost on the World Series games! Now, this year, due to the scantiness of nickels, THE STUDENT'S PEN is to see but six issues. At the same time the Athletic Department is likewise suffering. It does seem that if two hundred and fifty dollars could be heedlessly squandered in one week on a game of baseball, the nickel collection could increase in reasonable proportion! It's a challenge to you! How are you going to meet it?

## MORE FIRE DRILLS

The students of this school are beginning to realize the value of fire drills. Chief among the advantages are: they afford an excellent opportunity to stretch one's legs; they offer an unusual respite from "that Latin test"; they give one a most welcome occasion to exercise a latent tongue; and, then again, they do provide good practise in leaving the building quickly and methodically—which might prove expedient in case of fire.

## SOPHOMORE ASSEMBLY

On Wednesday, October 12, an assembly was held for the sophomores. The assembly was for the purpose of acquainting the new students with the various extra-curricula activities open to them. Talks were given by Charles Kline, William McEachron, Bruce Burnham and Edith Scace, who spoke, respectively, about the music clubs, the debating club, and boy's and girl's sports. Hazel Burghardt spoke on "Scholarship". A piano solo was rendered by Helen Gay, and tap dancing by Dorothy Lovejoy and Dorothy Huddleston. An exhibition under the direction of Coach Carmody was then given by a group from the boys' gym classes.

## CAPTAIN IS IN THE "WRITE"

You've probably all heard the story of how the captain of our mighty football squad, Tiny Simmons, was presented a gift of three pencils all bound 'round with a purple and white ribbon, by Miss Kaliher. We wonder what he did with the ribbons? . . .

## OFFICERS RECEIVE NEW BADGES

Members of the inside traffic squad received new badges in the form of cloth arm straps, at a meeting called by Mr. Ford on October 10. The straps are purple with white numbers signifying the post numbers. In presenting them, Mr. Ford warned the boys that any officer who either lost his badge or failed to return it at the end of the year, would be subject to a fine of fifty cents. Mr. Ford also stated

that the traffic officers are holders of responsible positions and should demand respect from all. This is something for us to bear in mind.

## JUNIOR CLASS ELECTIONS

At a recent meeting of the Junior A class, the following officers were elected: Robert Hopkins, vice president; Virginia Wade, secretary; and Mary Conry, treasurer. Mr. Herrick was chosen as class advisor. The vote for president resulted in a tie and the final results arrived too late for publication.

## STAFF POSES PRETTILY

On Tuesday, October 16, the combined editorial and advertising staffs of THE PEN posed for a picture in the Farrar studios—So far, no damage bills have been received.

## BAND CHOOSES LEADERS

At a recent meeting of the band, it was decided to appoint a committee which would handle all affairs pertaining to that group, thus putting the feeling of control in the hands of the students and averting possible disunion. It was decided to elect members from each of the classes so that there would be equal representation.

## A.I.E.E. LECTURES

We advise all who find it possible, to attend the coming A.I.E.E. lectures. Student tickets may be purchased for one dollar and the benefits derived far exceed the price involved.





"THE STUDENT'S PEN" STAFF



We have received notice that the following students are now studying at Bay Path Institute: John I. Casey '34, Viola Surowiec '34, Ralph J. Sias '34.

Marion T. Gale, a member of the class of '34, has entered Oberlin this fall as freshman in the College of Arts and Sciences.

John W. Adams '34 has left for Dartmouth College where he has received a scholarship.

Edward Belland '34 has entered Dean Academy in Franklin, Massachusetts.

Phyllis Shallies, an honor graduate of '34 and prominent in school for her musical activities, has entered Green Mountain Junior College in Vermont, where she has been awarded a scholarship. She plans to specialize in music.

Charles E. Millet '34 has left for Boston where he will enter Northeastern University.

Jeanne Millet '34 has enrolled as a freshman at Rider College in Trenton, New Jersey.

The following graduates of P. H. S. received last June the degree of Bachelor of Science in Chemical Engineering from Northeastern University: Gerald M. Davis '26, William J. Folan '28, and Ralph B. Millington, who for the first two years at the University was a member of the saxophone band and in his third year was the leader. He also played in the concert orchestra and in the show orchestra. He made the Dean's List in his freshman year.

Miss Frances Simpson is continuing her studies at Russell Sage where she is beginning her junior year.

Russell Burghardt '34 has entered Johns Hopkins University for which he has received a four year scholarship.

Miss Jane Elizabeth Baker, an honor graduate of '34, has entered Albany Business College for a two year course in executive secretarial work.

Leo Clug '30 has returned for his second year at the Pennsylvania State College of Optometry. He is a member of Omicron Delta Epsilon, a national optometric fraternity, and also a member of the College Orchestra.

Raymond C. Smith was elected to B.O.R. an honorary athletic society at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute where he is enrolled in a Chemical Engineering course. Mr. Smith was president of his class during his freshman year.

Robert G. Newman '30 and Robert J. Finklestein '33, students at Dartmouth College, achieved a scholastic average of 4.0 during their second semester of the past college year. The courses at Dartmouth are graded according to the alphabetical system, and a perfect record of five "A's" will give a student an average of 4.0. Their names were among other Dartmouth students which appeared in the semester report of *Men of Distinctive Scholastic Accomplishment*, which was recently announced by Dean Lloyd Neidlinger of Dartmouth.

The following graduates of P. H. S. are on the Dean's List at Williams College for distinction in scholarship during the past semester: William Andrews, Eugene Dorfman, Wallace Jordan, and Ehhu Klein.

Idalane Dresser





We look forward with interest to the mail of this year's Exchange department. We hope that it will encompass the world from Scotland to India, Russia to Africa.

*The Wilsonian*, Woodrow Wilson High School, Camden, N. J.

The cover of your magazine is certainly artistic and modern. "Wilsonian Sketches" are excellent short stories, but why not include a long story or two? We think your department entitled "Student Opinion" is very progressive since it is an instrument for improving your school. It might be well to include some linoleum block carvings, drawings or additional photographs.

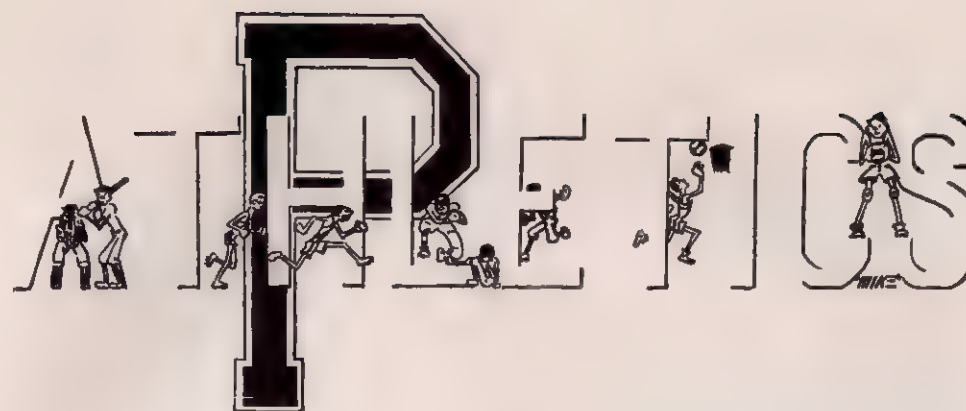
*Eastern Echo*, Eastern High School, Baltimore, Maryland.

The linoleum block prints of the "Fireside issue" are definitely an addition to the attractiveness of your magazine. Their designs deserve a great deal of credit. Another excellent design is the background of the table of contents. "Loose Leaves from a Day Dreamer's Diary" is quite humorous because it is a deviation from the conventional type of jokes. It would be well to include a few photographs of the persons and things which would interest the student body. We would suggest a cover done in more conservative colors.

We have received and read with interest the following magazines:

*English High School Record*, English High School, Boston, Mass.  
*High School Record*, Camden High School, Camden, New Jersey.  
*Bennett Beacon*, Bennett High School, Buffalo, New York.  
*Leith Academy Magazine*, Leith Academy, Edinburg, Scotland.

Lennart H. Brune



Editors

JAMES O'NEIL—THOMAS ENRIGHT

## HOTCHKISS DEFEATS PITTSFIELD

On Oct. 2 a fighting Pittsfield team dropped its opening game to a heavier Hotchkiss team, 13-2.

Pittsfield, after three periods, finally got the ball to the five-yard line. With one down and five yards to go, they made only one yard on the next four plays. On the following play Tony Marra blocked a Hotchkiss kick and a Hotchkiss man fell on it for a safety. These were Pittsfield's only points of the game.

The passing of the Purple and White is their main offensive weapon.

Hoyt and Hall made the touchdowns for Hotchkiss, one in the second quarter and one in third quarter.

Captain Humphreys and Hall starred offensively for the prep school boys. Gull and Trepacz were the shining lights in the Pittsfield backfield. Captain Simmons played well in the line.

The reserves showed up very well.

The line-up:

HOTCHKISS	PITTSFIELD
Tierny, l.e.	r.e., Williams, Marra
Hemingway, l.t.	r.t., Carmel
McBride, l.g.	r.g., Simmons, Ferry
Hoover, c.	c., Balmer
Barnes, r.g.	l.g., Scott, Fraser
Bosworth, r.t.	l.t., Betts, Palito, Landry
Humphrey, q.b.	q.b., Gull, Mylnarczyk
Hall, l.h.b.	r.h.b., Mylnarczyk, Arigoni
Hoyt, r.h.b.	l.h.b., Kellar
Badger, f.b.	f.b., Trepacz

Score: Hotchkiss 13, Pittsfield 2. Touchdowns: Hoyt, Hall. Safety: Hall. Referee: Keegan. Umpire: Young. Head Linesman: Farnell. Time: 10 minute periods.



# GOOFY-KNEW 2

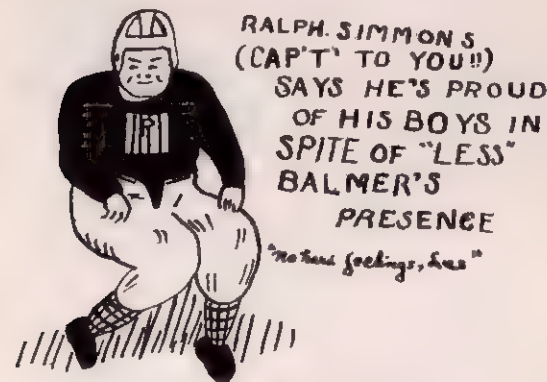
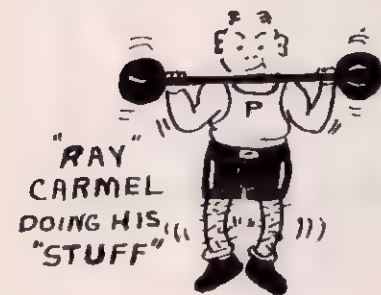


PHOTO OF SOPH  
WHO



FAILED TO MAKE  
H<sub>2</sub> ↑



## PITTSFIELD HELD TO TIE

A fighting Williamstown aggregation held Pittsfield High to a 6-6 tie on Oct. 13. Crippled by the loss of Frank Mylnarczyk and Jake Trepacz, the Pittsfield men could not hold the 6 point lead made in the first two minutes.

Carnevale, starting for Mylnarczyk, threw a 35-yard pass on the third play, to Gull, who romped over for the score.

Arigoni, at fullback, made some beautiful kicks to stop the Williamstown rushes.

Kelly, diminutive end, broke up many score gaining plays and also caught some passes.

The Purple and White linemen all played a good game but the backfield was weak on the pass defense.

Hart, Williamstown tackle, will be lost to Coach Sylvester for some time because of a shoulder injury received during the Pittsfield scoring play.

The line-up:

PITTSFIELD		WILLIAMSTOWN
Williams	l.e.	Kelly
Betts	l.t.	Hart, Bump
Scott, Fraser, Ferry	l.g.	Tavelli
Balmer	c.	Brown
Simmons	r.g.	Beverly
Carmel, Polito	r.t.	Goodemote
Ferry, Marra	r.e.	Vandersloot
Gull	q.b.	Wilson
Kellar	l.h.b.	Lemay
Carnavale, Evans	r.h.b.	Davis
Arigoni	f.b.	Marino

Score: Pittsfield 6, Williamstown 6. Touchdowns: Gull, Lemay. Referee: Morissey. Umpire: Bergen. Head Linesman: Primmer. Time: 8 minute periods.

## PITTSFIELD DOWNS POUGHKEEPSIE 6-0

Spurred on by their creditable showing against Hotchkiss Pittsfield broke into the win column by defeating Poughkeepsie and also broke the five-year jinx held by the Empire Staters. It was a hard fought game played on a slippery field, but in spite of this our backs gained consistently.

Practically the whole game was played in Poughkeepsie territory, and although the ball was within the 10-yard line three times no score came until the fourth quarter.

"Bud" Evans, making three first downs in succession, made the score possible. Johnny Gull went over for the touchdown from the twelve-yard line. The try for the extra point failed.

Cap. Simmons played a very good game at his new tackle position, while Gull, Evans, and Mylnarczyk starred in the backfield. Frankie Mylnarczyk and Steve Trepacz were forced to leave the game at half time because of injuries.



The line-up:

## PITTSFIELD

LeBlanc, Marra, l.e.

Betts, l.t.

Scott, Ferry, l.g.

Balmer, c.

Simmons, Fraser, r.g.

Carmel, Simmons, r.t.

Hill, Williams, r.e.

Gull, q.b.

Kellar, l.h.b.

Mylnarczyk, Carnavale, Evans, r.h.b.

Trepacz, Arigoni, f.b.

## POUGHKEEPSIE

r.e., Rielly

r.t., Peditella

r.g., Christopher

c., Greco

l.g., Martino

l.t., Grevino

l.e., Scotti

q.b., Liquoni

r.h.b., Atkins

l.h.b., Mullen

f.b., Constanzi

Score: Pittsfield 6, Poughkeepsie 0. Touchdown: Gull. Referee: McCormick.  
Umpire: Frasier. Head Linesman: Force. Time: 10 minute periods.

### WHO'S AFRAID OF THE BIG BAD WOLF?

Oh, Romulus and Remus sailed  
A soap box down the Tiber,  
And all was well until Rom tacked  
And Remus didn't jibe her.

Three times they sank and rose again;  
The fourth they rose no more—  
But woe is me! A wolf dove in  
And brought them safe to shore.

If the wolf had tended to her business,  
Rome would be unsung;  
And we today would have no cause  
To curse the Roman tongue.

Although the wolf's without my door,  
On me she'll never fatten;  
I'll starve before I feed the one  
Who made us study Latin.

Charles Kline, Jr.

### PITTSFIELD HIGH CHEERS AND SONGS

#### CHEERS

##### ACKA-LACKA-CHEE

Acka-Lacka-Chee, Acka-Lacka-Chow;

Acka-Lacka-Chee-Chee-Chow-Chow-  
Chow!

Booma-Lacka, Booma-Lacka

Sis-Boom-Bah!

Pittsfield! Pittsfield! Pittsfield!

##### GIVE 'EM THE AX

Give 'em the ax, the ax, the ax;

Give 'em the ax, the ax, the ax!

Where? Where? Where?

Right in the neck, the neck, the neck;

Right in the neck, the neck, the neck!

There! There! There!

##### SHORT CHEERS

The Siren: Long whistle—Boom!

Pittsfield! Rah!

Crescendo: Piiiiiiiiittsfield!

Fight! Team! Fight!

(Started by Students)

Pittsfield with two sides:

P-I-T-T-S F-I-E-L-D

P-I-T-T-S F-I-E-L-D

P-I-T-T-S-F-I-E-L-D!

Pittsfield! Pittsfield!

Team! Team! Team!

##### HI-ZEP-ZIP-ZO

Hi-Zep-Zip-Zo,

Yea Bo, Let's Go!

Pittsfield High School

Team! Team! Team!

Second Time—Repeat—Faster

Third Time—Repeat—Very fast

##### LONG PITTSFIELD

Piiiiiiiiittsfield!

Piiiiiiiiittsfield!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Piiiiiiiiittsfield!

Team! Team! Team!

##### LONG FIGHT

Piiiiiiiiittsfield!

Piiiiiiiiittsfield!

Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight!

Fight! Fight!

Piiiiiiiiittsfield!

Team! Team! Team!

##### WITH A P AND A P AND A P-I-T

With a P and a P and a P-I-T and a

P-I-T-T-S;

And an F and an F and an F-I-E and an

F-I-E-L-D!

Piiiiiiiiittsfield! Piiiiiiiiittsfield!

Team! Team! Team!

##### CHEER ON OLD PITTSFIELD

Cheer on old Pittsfield,

Pittsfield will win;

Fight to the finish,

Never give in!

Rah! Rah! Rah! (unaccented!)

You do your best, boys,

We'll do the rest, boys;

Fight on to victory!

Rah! Rah! Rah! (accented)

##### SLUM AND GRAVY

Sons of strife and danger,

Will you let a stranger

Take from us a victory?

Sons of strength and courage,

Foes cannot discourage,

Fight your way to victory!

Onward, onward, carry on the fight!

Forward, forward, the Purple and the  
White!

Pittsfield High for glory,

Though it's tough and gory;

Carry on to victory!

##### MARCH DOWN THE FIELD

March right on down the field, fighting  
for Pittsfield;

Crash right through (name of other team)  
line, their strength to defy.

Then give a long cheer for Pittsfield's men,  
they're here to win again;

(Name of other team) men may fight to the  
end, but we will win!



## PRIDE OF P. H. S.

Outstanding among the sportland events are the unusual records set by the girl athletes of P. H. S.

This year the tennis matches were played on the General Electric grounds. Aspirants to the championship were conquered by the two P. H. S. players successful last year in reaching the finals: Rosemary Cummings and Ida Lightman. The victor in the finals was Ida Lightman.

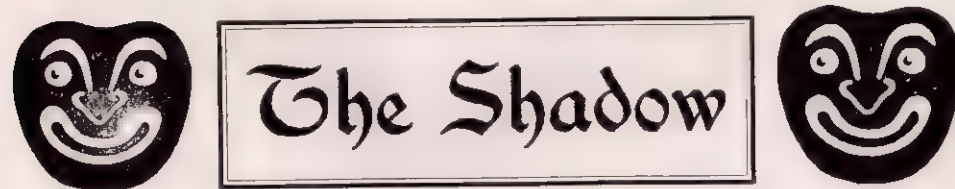
The P. H. S. girls are striving again to obtain a prominent position on the Varsity swimming team. Candidates from last year include Dorothy Poulin, a fast breaststroke swimmer; the crawl and backstroke swimmers are Dorothy Choinere, Margaret Flynn, Roma Levi, Marguerite Fagely, Alicia Olinto and Marion Sinclair, while Ida Lightman and Lloydanne Perry are candidates in diving. New aspirants to the swimming team include Esther Strout, Erica and Irma Palme, Barbara Tuffs, Harriet Holden, and Marion Dellair.

The 169 girls at P. H. S. who cannot swim will be aided by the drive launched by Miss Irene Lambert, director of swimming for women at the Boys' Club, to teach non-swimmers. The class is conducted on Friday afternoons at three o'clock. Come on, girls—learn to swim this fall!

This year interclass competition (among the swimmers) will be held if there is sufficient interest. The Junior class has a strong aggregation of capable swimmers who should furnish competition for their older and more experienced senior sisters.

Braving the cold Berkshire weather are the girls interested in hockey. At the end of October candidates for the three teams will be chosen by Miss Ward. Games will then be played to decide the champion team.

Sylvia Lipson '35



WE have found a person who can lend a pencil. Captain "Tiny" Simmons has one for you—with or without a bow. Miss Kaliher is a help, too.

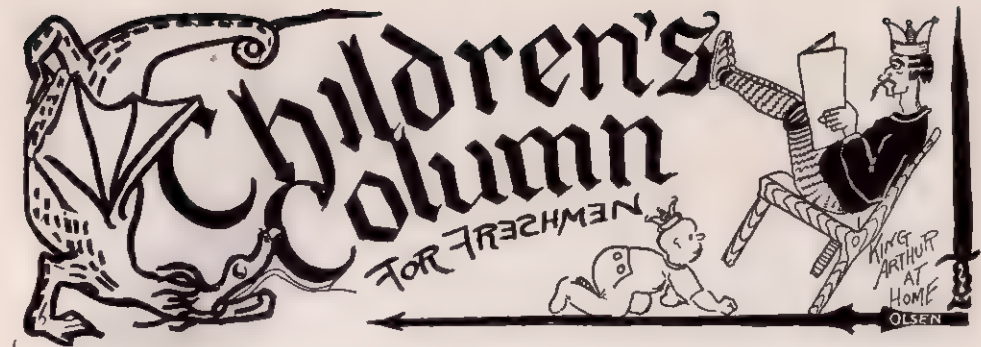
There ought to be a law against unnecessary roughness in football. What girl wants her hero court-plastered?

These fire drills are getting to be blessings in disguise. There is no subject that cannot be relieved by a cheery "bong-bong."

A daring gambler is in our midst! George Scully won ten cents on the World Series.

Why does Harry Francis keep turning around in history? Don't blush, Peg.

Who is the tall fellow that has two Senior B girls all a-twitter?



## GREETINGS!

ONE day, while touring the city on my roller skates, I chanced into an old and musty bookshop. I would not have gone there ordinarily, but as I was trying to discover how many sophomores did their home work faithfully, I thought I would look in and see how many of them were in there. A breath of cold air rushed into my face as I entered, which fact made me realize that, of course, there could be no sophomores there. While looking around, I came upon a book bound in a brilliant sky-blue pink. Struck by its peculiarity, I picked it up and gave it the "once over". It was entitled the "Children's Column", and was originally intended to instruct sophomores as to their conduct at the football games. As I gazed at the long list of distinguished authors, I decided that I too would like to write my name in the Hall of Fame by editing the column. Timidly I approached the bookseller, bought the book for the munificent sum of twenty-five cents (\$.25) and then and there became editor of this noble work which is, I hope, to last all through the history of P. H. S.

Catherine Donna '35

## a fairy tale

well children it was a nice cool morning in october and everything was going right for a change.

to begin with, the building was heated,—actually heated (and not by the hot air caused by the pupils' recitations, either, edgar! why the very idea!). well that morning the bells were five (5) minutes late and everyone got to school on time, and miss prediger didn't give any homework (joke, laugh) and miss mc cormick didn't give any oral topics, and noone said "which? ? ! ? ?" when mr. herberg said "who perpetrated that atrocity?" and miss pfeiffer forgot about the latin students, and mr. smith didn't say "you did that fine—but . . .," and mr. herberg didn't put any trick questions on his little quizzes, and noone left a lollypop on mr. meehan's desk, and none of the pupils started down with home work movements, and noone giggled in study-hall . amen.

and now if none of you children will stick a pin in the cat's tail or throw stones at the naybors, or tie tin cans across the sidewalk and will ring only ten (10) doorbells on hallowe'en (no percival you may not ring eleven, why the very idea.) and all believe me when i say "come in, i want to be alone", i will tell you another fairy story next munth—if i get there first.

the stewdint's fren'  
ant Kitty



## AUNT KITTY'S DIRECTORY OF FAMOUS EDUCATORS

MISS ELLA J. CASEY

Domain: Room 138

Subject: French

Great accomplishment: Faithfully corrects all the notebooks that she collects from her various classes.

Famous saying: "Quiet! I said 'Quiet!!!!!!'"

Second ditto: Yesterday, I met a Frenchman who told me that . . .

Present pastime: Collecting chewing gum

MR. JAMES W. MEEHAN

Domain: 147

Subject: History

Great accomplishment: He's poor but honest, the working girl's friend. (Yeah, WHICH working girl?)

Famous saying: Once a-gain, please?

Second ditto: This is the dumbest class I ever had.

Present pastime: Sp-r- ringing tests.

Warning: He drives a Ford

\* \* \* \*

He and his best girl were seated in a corner.

"Give me a kiss," he pleaded.

The girl made no answer.

"Won't you please give me a kiss?" he asked again.

Still no answer.

"Please, please, just one," he begged. And still no answer.

"Are you deaf?" he shouted at length.

"No," she snapped. "Are you paralyzed?"

\* \* \* \*

Parent: My son has so many original ideas.

Teacher: Yes, especially in geometry.

\* \* \* \*

## OUR DEFINITIONS

A hypocrite is a dignified citizen who never reads the silly comic strip until he is alone.

An optimist is a man who, when he falls downstairs, picks himself up and says, "Oh, well, I was coming down, anyhow."

A pessimist is a man who wears both suspenders and a belt.

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Cone Cleaned  
COALAutomatic Stokers as low  
as \$200 installedCome in and see one in  
operationCooper Coal Co.  
37 Fenn StreetPatronize  
our  
Advertisers

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS



INSIST *And Ask for*  
**WHITMAN'S---REAL ICE CREAM**  
 FOR YOUR NEXT PARTY OR DANCE  
*It's Delicious, Nourishing, Healthful*  
**Whitman's Dairy & Ice Cream Co.**  
 Dial 7214  
 RICHMOND ROAD    *All Our Products Are Pasteurized*    WEST PITTSFIELD

Professor (to unruly freshman): "Tell me sir, what has become of your ethics?"  
 Freshman: "Oh, sir, I traded it in long ago for a Hudson."

\* \* \* \*

"Jimmie's got a great scheme for getting out of school on nice days."  
 "What's that?"  
 "He washes his face at recess and then the teacher thinks he is sick and sends him home."

## STUDENTS

When you patronize our  
 advertisers tell the mer-  
 chants you saw their ad  
 —they like to know.

## 10,000 Back Number Magazines

$\frac{1}{3}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  price

OPEN SEVEN DAYS A WEEK

**CUDAHY'S**  
 BOOK and MAGAZINE STORE  
 592 NORTH STREET

## SHORT STORY

WE'VE appointed ourselves a committee of one to tell you about a Specialized suit of clothes---Middishade!\*. The manufacturer who makes them makes only one thing---\$35 clothing. But it's a strange thing---everything about the clothes looks like \$50!\*. Or, maybe it isn't so strange---when you consider this fellow's a specialist and the rest are "Jack of all trades"\*.  
*See what we mean?*

\$35

*Specials in Student's Trousers*

PENDER BLDG.  
 PITTSFIELD

**PENDER'S**

UNION BLOCK  
 DALTON

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

## GEO. L. MACK

20 DUNHAM STREET

## JEWELER

WATCH, CLOCK AND  
 JEWELRY REPAIRING

HAVE YOU TRIED A  
*P. H. S. Gedunk?*  
*Our Harold Teen Sundae*  
*Is Delicious*

**HADDAD'S**  
**SUGAR BOWL**  
*Corner North and Melville Streets*

## PHOTOGRAPHS OF DISTINCTION CAMP-GRAY Studio

150 NORTH STREET  
 Dial 7161

Compliments of  
**NORTH STREET**  
**Food Store**

Hubby: "Did you make these biscuits with your own little hands?"  
 Wife: "Yes. Why?"  
 Hubby: "I just wondered who lifted them off the stove for you."

\* \* \* \*

Pedler: "Any teapot spouts, pencils, pens, plates, or baskets today, Mum?"  
 Lady of the House: "If you don't go away, I'll call the police."  
 Peddler: "Ere you are, mum---whistles, sixpence each."

\* \* \* \*

Old Gentleman: "In my day, my dear, girls did know how to blush."  
 Modern Miss: "Oh, do tell me what you said to them!"

Compliments of

## THE GEM Confectionery

*Edward B. Karam, Prop.*

428 NORTH STREET

"Our up-to-date Soda Fountain  
 invites your pleasure"

**Newton &  
 Barnfather Co.**  
 INC.

**FUNERAL DIRECTORS**

17 EAST HOUSATONIC ST.  
 Pittsfield, Mass.

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## Greeting Cards

..and..

*Eatons' Papers*

E. J. CURTIS

397 North Street

Instruction in Public Speaking,  
Dramatics, Character  
Impersonations,  
Self-Expression



*Hazel Savidge Bates*

For Appointment

Dial 6635

The teacher of a rural school one day received the following note, which might easily pass for an example of conciseness in writing:

"Please excuse Willie from school today. He caught a skunk."

\* \* \* \*

Cooperate. Remember the banana. Every time it leaves the bunch it gets skinned.

\* \* \* \*

"Madame," shouted the angry neighbor, "your little Reginald has just thrown a brick through our window!!!!!"

"And would you bring me the brick?" beamed Reginald's mother. "We are keeping all the little mementoes of his pranks."

BOOKS :: STATIONERY  
CARDS :: GIFTS  
*Circulating Library*

**The Open Book**

Onota Bldg., 70 North Street.  
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

**Domenico Correale**  
*Mason Contractor*

Tile Concrete, Brick, Stone  
Plaster, Sand, Gravel  
Cement for Sale...

46 Worthington Street PITTSFIELD  
Tel. Pittsfield 4909

**Keola**

*Home-Made Ice Cream*

"You've tried the rest  
Now try the best"



Paul Potter 312 Tyler St.

Compliments of

**Rice & Kelly**

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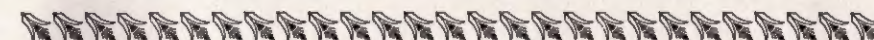


Conservatively and consistently  
progressive. Capable and  
anxious to serve, is the

**Eagle Printing & Binding Co.**

Dial 2-6924 33 Eagle Square

Pittsfield, Mass.



**The Berkshire Mutual Fire  
Insurance Company**

of Pittsfield, Mass.

1835

1934

## THE MAN'S SHOP

Now Showing Newest Styles

Kaylon Shirts & Pajamas Braemer Clothes  
Allen A. Hose & Underwear Lucky Five Shoes  
Reis Sport Sweaters Royal Hats

Exclusive but Not Expensive

COMPARE

SUKEL'S At 634 North Street

Try  
**J. H. BROWN'S**  
Home Made  
Ice  
Cream

75 WOODLAWN  
AVENUE  
PITTSFIELD, MASS.

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# PITTSFIELD MILK EXCHANGE, INC.

*Frank A. Carroll, Manager*

*A Locally Owned Institution*

SPECIALIZING IN

*Pasteurized Milk, Cream and  
Pure Delicious Ice Cream*

120 Francis Avenue      Pittsfield, Mass.  
TEL. 2-1561

## *The World is in the Turmoil of Change and Reconstruction Where is IT Going?*

High School students should make a habit of reading the newspapers and becoming informed concerning changing political, economic and social institutions. Read Walter Lippmann, Paul Mallon, Roger Babson, Arthur Brisbane, the national news as reported by the Associated Press and The Eagle editorials.

## THE BERKSHIRE EVENING EAGLE

FOUNDED 1789

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS



LH  
STOR  
3/2017





*"Poontoosuck" (a run for deer)*  
the Indian name for PITTSFIELD

The world knows the gorgeous and romantic trails of the Berkshire Hills, at the height of their beauty in October. ¶ Other trails have also been developed during these years, less romantic perhaps, but still essential to the enjoyment of life. ¶ For 88 years the people of Berkshire County have travelled a Thrift Trail which leads to "24 North".

Berkshire County Savings Bank



H. B. O'Gara

**THE STUDENT'S PEN**

OCTOBER, 1934